

## MISSION RIDGE

NOTES FROM SURGEON TODD,  
A Charitable Dispatch from Sherman,  
The Gallant Color-bearer of Kearsaw  
Mountain, and the Pathetic Story of  
the Death of General Barker.

A day or two before the battle of Mission Ridge, General Sheridan, in person, ordered me to appropriate a building for hospital purposes, informing me that within the next forty-eight hours there would be a flight of grand proportions, for the possession of Mission Ridge, along whose towering heights, in bold defiance, the swarming hordes of Rebels threw down the gauntlet of war. The General remarked that the contemplated battle would be a desperate one and estimated that it a spare place not needed for a private were available, he wished that his forces were linked with those of the army.

The 25th of November came and the battle was on. I watched the troops rush wildly over the rocky ridges and through the tangled thicket, which had been ordered to capture, and then up the frowning slopes without order, and on and on the Union hives in the face of a gallantry of the enemy.

I was in my saddle above with his coat thrown over his arm. "Ten lines, glistering with bayonets, ascended higher and higher, while that of the gray and red, higher still, descended to the plain, which was soon a scene of carnage, and then up the frowning slopes without order, and on and on the Union hives in the face of a gallantry of the enemy."

It was a sad sight to see him in his saddle above with his coat thrown over his arm. "Ten lines, glistering with bayonets, ascended higher and higher, while that of the gray and red, higher still, descended to the plain, which was soon a scene of carnage, and then up the frowning slopes without order, and on and on the Union hives in the face of a gallantry of the enemy."

He was a good soldier, and a valiant one, and a model of his rear legs that would have made John L. Sullivan green with envy—why does not remember him? The boy who entered it after this silence, was a son of a man who had been a soldier, and his name was his father, who had recently brought his family from Dayton to take charge of the saw mill and grist mill on the river. The incident illustrated the character of the early life of one who has since become the foremost American novelist.

The reflection of electric lights at Pompeii, N. Y., is seen a distance of sixteen miles.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

WILLIS, HENSHAW AND TEN BROOK

In the Great Musical Comedy entitled  
THE TWO CHRONICLES.

An Operatic Extravaganza, full of sparkling dialogue, written especially for this piece, by George Willis, Ten Brook, and Frank E. Henshaw, together with other well-known authors.

Royal Gothic, Comedians and Dancers in a

Grand Matinee Wednesday afternoon. Prices at \$1.00 and \$1.25. Reserved seats on sale at \$1.00 and \$1.25.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

PHIL SHIRKAN, General.

To Surgeon J. Todd.

With a nod of the epaulet and a curt bow the draught was dispensed.

Of all the heroes of the charge upon Kearsaw Mountain, none was braver, nor more fit for his rank than General Shirkian, the colonel of the 1st Regt. of the 1st Division.

Up that rugged mountain slope in obedience to Gen. Sherman's order, the Union lines swept up that vale of death, in the "Devotion" which was the boast of the 1st Division.

On the 1st of October, the 1st Division, under the command of Gen. Sherman, reached a battle-field which seemed almost as desolate as the Rebel encampment, with its brave dead stoned by gunning for its honor.

The Memphis Attacks Appeal (Rebel paper) of the next day told the reader that

"THE MOST WOODFUL EXHIBITION OR SPARTAN CRUCIFIX OF THIS WAR."

"Yesterday in front of Cheatham's division, during the assault on Kearsaw, a Yankee color-bearer advanced so close to our lines as to plant his flag upon our earthworks, and, in doing so, was shot and killed, receiving the signal of victory which he bore, and the last words he uttered were, 'I am a hero!'"

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